



THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

THE BOOMING CROPS OF THE YEAR 1914

Written Specially for The Bulletin.

It's one of the most delightful things in the world to hear how farmers are prospering and getting rich—somewhere else!

I've been reading government reports and western farm papers for these many years. I've learned from the latter that most western farmers now use automobiles to get out their manure with, and traction engines to do their plowing with, and gasoline engines to husk or thresh their crops with, and electric lights in their barns and barns, to say nothing about always hot water in their bathrooms.

The government reports don't generally blush quite so rosy, but the size and value of the farm crops they report is usually something mouth-filling and heart-warming.

I've just been reading a summary of the Nov. 1st estimate from the department of agriculture of 1914's crops. According to this, the present year's yield of corn is about 260,000,000 bushels bigger than last year's; the wheat yield about 123,000,000 bushels bigger; the oats yield 18,000,000 bigger; the barley yield also about 18,000,000 bushels bigger; the rye yield 1,300,000 bushels bigger; the buckwheat yield about 3,200,000 bushels bigger; the potato crop about 75,000,000 bushels bigger; the hay crop about 4,500,000 tons bigger; the tobacco crop about 29,000,000 pounds bigger; the apple crop about 113,000,000 barrels bigger.

What d'ye think of those for "figgers," eh?

But they don't begin to tell all the story of agricultural wealth which flares and blazes through the tables. Not only are yields enormous, but prices are high. The average farm price of wheat is reported at 96 cents against 77 cents at this time last year. The average farm price of oats is 42 cents against 38 last year. The total value of the corn crop is put at \$1,855,867,324, which is the biggest total ever predicated for that crop.

Incidentally, and without any reference to anything or anybody else on earth, please note that the "farm price" of wheat is set at 96 cents; the "farm price" of oats at 42 cents; the "farm price" of corn at 69 cents. Compare those with the prices you have to pay for wheat for any one of these cereals, if you want some to feed your horses or your chickens!

Now you'll observe that most of these crops which have yielded so richly and are priced so high are not crops which New England does much with. We raise potatoes and apples, rather than corn and wheat. As regards to potatoes and apples, even the prosperity-bubbling tables of the optimistic department have to whisper a different tale. In both cases the yield has been exceptional. True, but the prices? "Farm price" of potatoes is set at 54 cents a bushel, that is, 60 last year; "farm price" of apples is set at 56 cents a bushel against 55 a year ago.

And let me say right here that even these low prices are higher than they run in my immediate neighborhood.

At least three of my neighbors are hauling their corn and wheat to the city and delivering them at city stores for 50 cents a bushel. They can haul but 40 bushels at a load, and it takes a 14-day team and man all day to deliver one load. This brings the "farm price" in their case to 40 cents a bushel. Another neighbor is hauling to the same city and delivering, two or three bushels at a place, into consumers' cellars, at 60 cents a bushel. That is the very highest I know that any farmer is getting. Even he, as you see, isn't getting any more than 50 cents a "farm price."

And apples? One orchardist near me sent a shipment to Boston not long ago. They were strictly A1 fruit, and they netted him a return of just eight cents a barrel when he paid 10 cents for freight and drayage and commission charges, etc., had been taken out.

Another sent a carload to New York city recently, and got \$1.25 a barrel for them, out of which he had to take 35 cents for the barrel itself, about 30 cents for freight, and several other smaller charges, making his net receipts, to pay for the apples and the work of picking and packing and hauling, not quite the 56 cents a barrel which the department reports as the average "farm price" per bushel. And his barrels held a good two bushels and three pecks each.

A friend in a neighboring city writes me that he has just sold a bushel of his fine pippins. I noted two barrels of daisy pippins off my tree a month ago which I'd have been glad to sell him at \$1.50 a barrel. Even

that would have been three times as much as I can get for them at the farm. In fact, I can't sell them at all to anybody except the cider mill, which offers me 25 cents a hundred weight, for them. I don't have to furnish any barrels!

Another friend in another city writes that she is having to pay 30 cents a peck for cooking apples. That's at the rate of \$1.20 a bushel, or about \$3.30 a barrel.

Some difference between "farm price" and eater's price, eh?

As I said at the outset, it's mighty pleasant to know that farmers somewhere are getting the persimmons without having to knock them off the trees.

On the other hand it seems just a bit queer that this year, like almost all the other past years I can recall, it is the farmers somewhere else—not you and I and our neighbors—who are feeding us with apples. That's at the rate of \$1.20 a bushel, or about \$3.30 a barrel.

Doesn't it seem a little too bad that all the automobiles and silver-plated bath room fixtures should go out to Kansas and Iowa farmers, when there are so many of us Yanks who would enjoy them, too?

When we were boys we were all told about the pool of gold that lay at the bottom of the rainbow—if only we could once get to where that bow touched the ground. Perhaps some of you tried after it, as the boys I once was did. But we never could catch up with that rainbow. As we advanced, it receded. After wet and weary struggling through the soaked grass it was always just as far away from us as when we started.

Do you really suppose there's any pool of gold for the farmer? I don't. Sometimes crosses my skeptical mind that the rainbow of agricultural prosperity is as elusive as the prismatic arch of clearing summer skies?

There's one thing palpably self-evident about this year's prosperity figures—they mostly apply to wheat and corn. And they serve to reinforce the arguments I've repeatedly made for a greater diversification of our New England farming. If some of us had more corn and more wheat this year and fewer apples and potatoes we should have been better off.

Of course, we can't raise much corn or wheat in Connecticut. But there are good many farmers—a good many more than some farmers think—who will grow corn and wheat which will grow bumpy corn and fine wheat.

Recall those figures I quoted a month ago—how the station had been for three years experimenting with wheat and growing from 23 to 45 bushels per acre. Recall that the station had raised 40 bushels an acre in 1913. And the average acre yield for the whole country, even this booming year, is reported by the department to be only 16.7 bushels!

And did you read about 11 years ago, when Mr. Parker's half-acre of old "Wide Awake Circle" was sold? He harrowed the half-acre five times with a yoke of three-year-old steers; put two bags of fertilizer on it (manure being used in between plows); planted it three feet apart one way and 14 inches the other; cultivated it "six or seven times"; and the yield was 45 bushels of wheat and 10 bushels of corn. His little sister rode the horse; put the corn mornings and evenings before and after school; sent ten ears of wheat to the city and got first prize of seven dollars; "husked it all alone and got just 50 bushels."

It begins to look as if a whole lot of us grain-haired old fellows would do better to retire and let the twelve-year-olds do our work! They seem to "git there" when we don't.

But there may be hope, even yet, for us moss-backs. In The Bulletin's recent report of "Corn Night at the Norwich" holding the Saturday evening which seem to indicate that a new spirit is beginning to manifest itself. To begin with, "there were 28 entries, more than there were in any of the competition a year ago." It seems there were only eight entries in 1913. Moreover, there was a marked improvement noted in the quality of corn that displayed a year ago.

Three times as many farmers interested in corn, and those interested proving that they had done better work with it. Such things are worth recording, not perhaps, as eminent results but as mighty satisfactory indications of a changing spirit.

When eggs are high a big basket of eggs is a very good thing. Even then, though, the wisdom of our ancestors

has decided that it isn't wise to have all our eggs in one basket.

The farmer who can raise some good corn and wheat and oats as well as potatoes, might often find, at this year,

that the grains would serve to keep up his balance, where a one-sided potato producer, is likely to come near to tipping his cart into the ditch near THE FARMER.

NEW LONDON THEATERS COMBINE

Number of Playhouses to be Reduced By One—Local Industries Show Much Activity—Election Indications Drove Connecticut Leader of Democracy to Woods.

The opening of the Crown theater, in State street, which made the fourth moving picture house in New London, operated every day and night, Sunday excepted, had the effect of diminishing the sidewalk traffic in Bank street as far down as the Empire theater and including the Orpheum theater, nearby. Walter Murphy, manager of the Lyceum, which is now devoted to the main to movies and vaudeville, assumed the management of the new Crown also, which is a purely movie house. This combination proved too strong for the down-towners, and now the Orpheum is closed, the lessee of that theater taking over the Empire, and in consequence there is but one picture house in Bank street. The old Lawrence hall is leased by the management of the two other Bank street places to keep out opposition, but the coming of the Crown spoiled that little game in so far as went opposition.

The movie situation in New London just at the present time is something like this: Manager Davis, who was among the first to get into the moving picture business in New London, is now back in his old place, succeeding the owners and managers of that place. He will be recalled that when Manager Davis' lease expired he refused to leave the Empire in order that the owners could engage in the picture business. The Moran brothers, who were kept out of possession of the property for about a year, or until the Orpheum theater was built.

BELGIUM: THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

Instructional Statement Relative to That Country by William J. Shewalter.

(Special to The Bulletin.)

Washington, D. C., Nov. 20.—Perhaps no other organization in the United States is keeping in such close touch with the geography of the European continent as the National Geographic society, of Washington. While it is furnishing geographical data daily to the press, it is itself receiving a wealth of geographic material with reference to the countries at war, their peoples, their customs, their industries, and their geographic history. In a communication on Belgium: The Innocent Bystander, William Joseph Shewalter tells the more than 300,000 members of the society:

"The Belgium of today has an area less than one-fourth as great as Mississippi, yet at the outbreak of the present war its population was four times as large as that of Mississippi. Twenty-two and a half countries like Belgium, however, are crowded into a state like Texas, and their aggregate population would be more than that of the United States and Germany together."

According to this writer, Julius Caesar himself bears early witness to the bravery of the Belgians, who he says were braver than the Aquitani and the Celts, due to the fact that they were nearer the Germans, with whom they were constantly at war.

Within Belgium's 29,500 square miles of territory, smaller than Massachusetts and Connecticut, with a population of 7,579,000 there lived, at the outbreak of the war, 2,200,000 French-speaking Walloons who cannot talk with a like number of their compatriot Flemish speaking Flemings. In their habits of life and method of gaining a livelihood they differ as widely as the English and the French, but the bond of religion has bound them together for generations and with never a fratricidal war in their modern history.

The Belgian constitution, framed in 1830 by a convention of Europeans, guarantees freedom of conscience, of education, and of press, and the right of peaceful assembly. The king is elected by the nation. There is a cabinet, a senate and a house of representatives. A senator's pay, remarkable as it may seem, is a free pass on the railways without limit of actual salary. A representative gets a free pass and \$800 a year.

The suffrage laws are interesting. A Belgian gets one vote when he reaches the age of 25. If, at the age of 35, he pays one dollar in taxes, and is married or a widower with legitimate children, he gets a second vote. If he pays a certain amount of taxes or holds a university diploma he is entitled to two additional votes—except that in no case may a man cast more than three votes. In selecting representatives, parties and not men are voted for, and each party gets a representation in proportion to its voting strength.

The Belgians are fine farmers. They grew, last year, 37 bushels of wheat to the acre where we grow 24; 50 bushels of barley to our 24; 212 bushels of potatoes to our 90.

Belgium has been a land of low wages and cheap living. Many of the people who fashion our exquisite Belgian lace get only \$5 a week, and the average wage earner's income is only about \$16 a year. But with all this the Belgian housewife, an artist in making a little, go a long way, has fed her family well and clothed them comfortably.

There were no milkmen in Belgium, for the women drove the dog carts that constituted the nation's milk wagons. Every milk can had to shift every dog had to have harness to fit him a bowl for his drinking water, and a spot for him to lie down on when tired. No dog in Belgium, except those of the rich, escaped bearing his share of the family burdens.

The people of Belgium were the world's greatest beer drinkers before the outbreak of the present war, with 48.8 gallons per capita per year, as compared with the German consumption of 28.3 gallons. On the other hand the Belgian used only one gallon of wine as compared with the Frenchman's 34 gallons.

Railway fares were very low. A double-daily journey of 20 miles cost 37 1/2 cents a week; of 44 miles, 50 cents a week. Every workman had a railroad station had to pay one cent for that privilege and the revenue therefor amounted to \$50,000 a year. Belgium's foreign business was large. Those wonderful little engines that did such good work at Panama were Liege-made, and an example of Belgium's export business. The country's foreign trade was greater than that of all South America together. If the United States imported as much per capita as Belgium, its imports would total twelve billion dollars a year; if we exported as much per capita our export business would amount to ten billion dollars a year.

Mr. Davis leasing the new playhouse for a term of ten years, only five of which expired. After a while the Orpheum and Empire management entered into some sort of an agreement and took the Empire theater, leaving the Orpheum and Empire management, and kept it closed from opposition. These leases are still in existence, and it is not believed that they can be secured for a little piece of money, but the Orpheum and Empire management, Charles W. Comstock, who arrived in New London Thursday evening on his return from a hunting trip in the Maine woods. He said that he spent about seven hours in electioneering on election day, that he did not like the way things were breaking, and he immediately took the train for the woods and has been there ever since. He has been far away from political and away from his political friends, actively away from his party friends, the enemy. He said his hunting party had a fine time and that he personally was more successful in hunting wild game than in his recent plays in the game of politics. In his opinion the democrats have been temporarily subdued, but they are now recuperating after the one-sided battle of the ballots and will come out in force two years hence in formidable force on the firing line, and, so he says, they will break through the republican camp, turn both the right and left flanks and put the enemy to rout. Mr. Comstock had his favorite rifle with him when he spoke, and his tone indicated sincerity.

Come to think it over, Mr. Comstock is not the only democrat who has taken to the woods, and as they do not seem to return there is just a very little fear that they may have been lost in the political jungle and will never come back. As to Mr. Comstock's political predictions, he like other democrats, have predicted success for the party many times before, but their prognostications have rarely become true. He may be the Horace Johnson of the party, but even Horace has been known to have made unreliable predictions. Just so long as the republicans of Connecticut vote the party ticket, just so long will the democrats remain the minority party. There are not enough democrats of themselves to win. Even if every mother's son of them were out of the woods, and no man in the state knows better than Mr. Comstock, despite his prediction of democratic success in Connecticut two years hence. It is well that the name of the fellow who originated that old saying: "Blow your horn, if you don't sell a fish," is not known. It would be an injustice to the old-time chap to credit the saying to any individual now living, even if there is suggestion of its applicability.

High power electric motors are used in the French army to extract the steel bullets from the wounded.

SCROFULA AND ALL HUMORS GIVE WAY

There are many things learned from experience and observation that the older generation should impress upon the younger. Among them is the fact that scrofula and other humors are most successfully treated with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its great medicine is a peculiar combination of remarkably effective blood-purifying and health-giving foods, herbs and herbs, and has been used for forty years. Get it today.

Hundreds of first-class mechanics are given employment at satisfactory wages, and the oldest inhabitant cannot recall the time when so many skilled mechanics were unemployed in New London concerns as at the present time. With the industrial plants flouring, and the state police, the railroad, and the Connecticut college for women in course of construction, all at the same time, makes New



Is your table nice enough for a Thanksgiving dinner?

Dear Amy—

You and Bob must take Thanksgiving dinner with us. John has just made a good business deal, and bought me a new dining room set. I want "to show it off."

I'm not bashful about confessing this to an old friend like you, Amy. We women all do love pretty homes. If husbands, who can easily afford it, only knew how much happiness they could give their wives by turning them loose in a furniture store, to buy what they wanted, wouldn't the furniture fly, though?

Lovingly,
Lou.
P. S.—John bought my new dining room furniture from

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

As a medicinal antiseptic for douches in treating catarrhs, inflammation of ulceration of nose, throat, and that caused by feminine ills it has no equal. For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Paxtine in their private correspondence with women, which proves its superiority. Women who have been cured say it is "worth its weight in gold." At drugists, 50c. large box, or by mail, The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass.

London quite a busy place about this time.

There is more truth than poetry in the saying that relates to politicians taking to the woods when the party of their choice gets the short end on election day, so said that erstwhile leader of Connecticut democracy, Charles W. Comstock, who arrived in New London Thursday evening on his return from a hunting trip in the Maine woods. He said that he spent about seven hours in electioneering on election day, that he did not like the way things were breaking, and he immediately took the train for the woods and has been there ever since. He has been far away from political and away from his political friends, actively away from his party friends, the enemy. He said his hunting party had a fine time and that he personally was more successful in hunting wild game than in his recent plays in the game of politics. In his opinion the democrats have been temporarily subdued, but they are now recuperating after the one-sided battle of the ballots and will come out in force two years hence in formidable force on the firing line, and, so he says, they will break through the republican camp, turn both the right and left flanks and put the enemy to rout. Mr. Comstock had his favorite rifle with him when he spoke, and his tone indicated sincerity.

Come to think it over, Mr. Comstock is not the only democrat who has taken to the woods, and as they do not seem to return there is just a very little fear that they may have been lost in the political jungle and will never come back. As to Mr. Comstock's political predictions, he like other democrats, have predicted success for the party many times before, but their prognostications have rarely become true. He may be the Horace Johnson of the party, but even Horace has been known to have made unreliable predictions. Just so long as the republicans of Connecticut vote the party ticket, just so long will the democrats remain the minority party. There are not enough democrats of themselves to win. Even if every mother's son of them were out of the woods, and no man in the state knows better than Mr. Comstock, despite his prediction of democratic success in Connecticut two years hence. It is well that the name of the fellow who originated that old saying: "Blow your horn, if you don't sell a fish," is not known. It would be an injustice to the old-time chap to credit the saying to any individual now living, even if there is suggestion of its applicability.

High power electric motors are used in the French army to extract the steel bullets from the wounded.

SCROFULA AND ALL HUMORS GIVE WAY

There are many things learned from experience and observation that the older generation should impress upon the younger. Among them is the fact that scrofula and other humors are most successfully treated with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its great medicine is a peculiar combination of remarkably effective blood-purifying and health-giving foods, herbs and herbs, and has been used for forty years. Get it today.



Is your table nice enough for a Thanksgiving dinner?

Dear Amy—

You and Bob must take Thanksgiving dinner with us. John has just made a good business deal, and bought me a new dining room set. I want "to show it off."

I'm not bashful about confessing this to an old friend like you, Amy. We women all do love pretty homes. If husbands, who can easily afford it, only knew how much happiness they could give their wives by turning them loose in a furniture store, to buy what they wanted, wouldn't the furniture fly, though?

Lovingly,
Lou.
P. S.—John bought my new dining room furniture from

DAVIS THEATRE / AUDEVILLE

BROADWAY Mat. 2:30; Eve. 7 and 8:45

HANSONE AND HIS MAGICAL MAIDS
Miniature, Musical Comedy Magic Act

CUNNINGHAM AND SHAW
Eccentric Comedians
KASHIMA
The Unique Juggler
MUTUAL MOVIES—OUR MUTUAL GIRL—KEYSTONES

ONE NIGHT Wednesday, Nov. 25th PRICES, 25c to \$1.50
Seat Sale Monday, 10 A. M.

ONE SOLID YEAR IN NEW YORK

THE SENSATIONAL DRAMATIC SUCCESS OF THE CENTURY

BY
GEORGE BROADHURST
& ABRAHAM SCHOMER

A VITAL AND VIVID
DRAMA OF N.Y. LIFE

Mail Orders With Remittance Filled in the Order of Receipt

ONE NIGHT ONLY,
Friday, Nov. 27.

The Original
London Company
and Production

Owing to the war in Europe this Company organized and equipped for an unlimited engagement at SIR CHARLES WINDHAM'S NEW THEATRE, LONDON, ENGLAND, will play a limited number of one-day engagements previous to its extended "run" in Boston.

THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION
of elaborate scenery and accessories, the same that was to have been used in London WILL BE USED HERE.

MAIL ORDERS
will be filled in the order received when accompanied by remittance.
PRICES 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50
SEATS ON SALE WEDNESDAY at 10 A. M.

Today AUDITORIUM 5—SHOWS—5

THE SHOW THAT IS MAKING NORWICH TALK
WELCH AMERICAN TRIO—Excellent Singers

3—BLATZ—3
Amazing Sharpshooters
THE ROCK OF HOPE
Deep Emotional Play
EVERY ACT AND EVERY PICTURE A CORKER

MONDAY BLANCHE PARQUETTE AND HER SEVEN CALIFORNIA PEACHES

COLONIAL THEATRE

2 Reels—"ON LONESOME MOUNTAIN"—2 Reels
"His Change of Heart" Biog. "Man in Black" Selig and Others
Seats on Sale at Box Office for "IRELAND, A NATION," Seven Reels
Mammoth Drama of Ireland's Struggle—Monday and Tuesday Only

Lecture at Slater Hall
Tuesday, November 24th, at 8 P. M.

Hon. William H. Taft
EX-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

"The Signs of the Times"

Admission One Dollar. Special rates to Teachers and Students 75 cents. Trolley connections for William Central Village, Westerly and New London after the lecture.

FIRST GRAND BALL
Given by the Chelsea Boat Club at the State Armory, Thanksgiving Night

Mr. Joseph D. Devine, exponent of Modern Dancing, will give an exhibition of the One Step, Heelstep and the Maxie.

Tickets Admitting Gentleman and Two Ladies \$2.00
Extra Ladies 75c.

Tickets for sale at George A. Davis', Utley & Jones, N. D. Sevin & Son, H. M. Lerou and Pitcher & Service.
Boxes can be procured at George A. Davis.

American House

FARREL & SANDERSON, Props.
Special Rates to Theatre Troupes.
Traveling Men, Etc.
Livery connection. Shetucket Street

F. C. GEER, Piano Tuner
122 Prospect Street, Norwich, Ct.
Phone 511

DR. C. R. CHAMBERLAIN
Dental Surgeon
McGrory Building, Norwich, Conn.

DR. F. W. HOLMS, Dentist
Shannon Building Annex, Room A
Telephone 523

For your Health's Sake
do not take
Substitutes or Imitations
Get the Well-Known
Round Package
HORLICK'S
Malted Milk
Made in the largest, best
equipped and sanitary Malted
Milk plant in the world
We do not make "milk products"—
Skim Milk, Condensed Milk, etc.
But the Original-Genuine
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK
Made from pure, full-cream milk
and the extract of select malted grain,
reduced to powder form, soluble in
water. The Food-drink for All Ages.
ASK FOR "HORLICK'S"
Used all over the Globe
The most economical and nourishing light lunch.
At Home or Soda Fountain